IN
HONOVR OF THE RIGHT
WORSHIPFVLL DOCTOVR
ROBERT PINKE,
Doctour of DIVINITIE,
And VVarden of *New Colledge* in
OXFORD.

Printed in the Yeare, 1648.

On the much lamented death of the Right VVorshipfull Doctour PINKE *VVarden of New Colledge in Oxon.*

COme, droppe a Teare from some relenting eye,
That I may weepe, or sigh an Elegy.
Teares of so high-Concernment, Accents raise,
Of Longer-Durance, then the Poëts Bayes.
He that can pen a sigh, and write a teare,
Deserves to be a Poët-Laureat here.
Whoso with Inke, not Teares, indites one Verse,
Is but a Poëtaster at this Herse.
Come then, ye Muses, in a Black-Disguise,
And bring whole Helicon within your eyes.
Empty your Treasures, and unload your store;
Your best-knowne Freind will never know you more.
Attend, yee Graces, doe your Homage too,
Adde Grace to him, that was a Grace to You.
But ô! Hee's gone! Nature, and Wit, and Art,
No other Mansion had but in his Heart.
All Christian-Virtues too, which he knew best.
Had severall-Thrones appointed in his Breast.
But that All-Hee, and all these too are lost,
Read this in him alone, that All ingrost.
Would you then know how kind and good he was?
Goe, read this in the weeping Orphan's Face.
Or how devout to workes of Charity?
Goe, be resolved by the Poore Mans eye.
Nor was he in Divinity the least
Of our grave-Pauls: He may be well the best; (know,
Whose words, when you some Scripture doubts would
Might well have pass'd for Text and Comment too.

Juſt ſuch was Hee. In his inſpired-eye,
You might have read exact Divinity.
Nor was his End unlike unto his Life,
His Life and Death were at a ſacred-ſtriſe,
Which ſhould excell in Goodneſſe: His laſt voice
Might well Enthrone him in Eternall-Joyes.
For how can hee, but ever Bleſſed bee,
That made's Laſt-Words a *Benedicite*?

Sic lachrymavit,
J. H.

On the Death of the Reverend ROBERT PINKE *Doctor of Divinity, Warden of New-College in* Oxford.

Let mee ſigh and burſt! my heart's too great
To be contain'd within a Cabinet
Brimfull with ſorrowes pregnant in my breaſt,
Some Pegaſus to ſtricke a ſpring at leaſt,
Like that of *Helicon* may flow in Verſe
And weepeng Elegies about his Herſe,
Are we deſign'd for ruine i' our fate
Drawne out inevitably deſperate,
Deſtruction threatned long before his fall,
Now rides in Triumph at this Funerall,
Enjoyes the Tyrants wiſh, glories that ſhee
In one hath murther'd a Society.
For are wee living yet, ſhall it be ſayd
The Body walkes about without an Head?
At beſt wee are but Bruits for it is cleare
Our Reaſon and our Iudgement's buried here,
And that advantage from our ſoules ſhall bee
That wee have ſence to tell our miſerie,

Heſi-

Hell-paines are moſt in loſſes and wee know
Our owne as great as can be here below,
To looſe a Learned and an Eminent man
Puts us beſide our ſtudies when wee can
Plead for our eaſe that all our induſtrie,
Our thoughts, our Learnig, with our ſelves they die.
To looſe a Preſident of ſuch entire
And honeſt Principles, makes us enquire
Whether all goodneſſe is not baniſh't hence
And wee alone exempt from Providence,
To looſe a Doctor of our Church whoſe life
Was a continued Sermon without Strife,
Or Faction, true to God, and Church and King,
Would make Us feare a downefall: when wee bring
Examples of whole States ran to decay
When ſuch Palladiums were ſnatch't away.
Yet to draw nearer when wee looke uppon
Our Academies late diſtraction,
What? aime to ſhatter and diſjoint the whole
And then conſider how this publicke Soule
That did Unite and actuate, and led
Our Univerſity, is vaniſhed.
How will the Body fall a Sacrifice
To Malice, Sacrileadge, and Avarice.
Laſtly to underſtand our owne diſtreſſe,
Under what Prejudice and Tempeſts theſe
Unhappy times wee lie, our Pilot dead
Who with a skilfull eye diſcovered
The Storme at diſtance knew to ſteere his courſe
With ſuch an even hand would breake the force
Of threatning Waves ſo that we paſt theſe yeares
Of troubles moſt ſecure, but now our feares
And terrours compaſſe Us, as thunderſtrooke
Wee ſtand amaz'd, on oneanother looke
And know not what to truſt too, where to lay
Our Anchors, whoſe command we ſh uld obey,

Give

Give mee a draught of Shipracks for 'tis ſure
We all muſt ſinke in th'ſtorme or beg on th'ſhore.

On the much lamented death of ROBERT PINKE, *Doctour of Divinity, & Warden of New Colledge.*

WEre I all Rheume, and made of Teares,
I could not droppe one on this Hearſe.
He was a Dunce's enemy,
And never could endure mee.
Were I a Wit I'de weepe in Verſe,
And drench the Dropſi'd ſun in Teares.
I'de make each Muſes eye to run,
Like a new ſprung Helicon.
You Schollers might methinks deviſe,
Meanes to diſtill old Tragœdies,
In greiſes Alymbeck till there flowes,
From thence a Quintiſſence of woes.
Then take the Spirits of them all,
And ſprinkle o're this Funerall.
Nothing but the ſoule of Woe,
Can actuate a greife for You,
What Vollies of your ſighs would well,
Fill th' obits of your Colonell.
One that like a Rocke hath ſtood,
Curb'd the ſtormes, and checkt the floud.
Who for your ſakes regarded not,
Th'inſulting Souldier, or his ſhot;
Who kept Apollo's Florets free,
From th'clutch of rude Hoſtility;
Walkt round the Battlements of wit,
When Barbariſme ſtormed it.

For when he was in th'Gatehouſe led,
All Learning was impriſoned.
By what he ſuffer'd there we know,
What torments dwell in hell below.
He dranke his Teares and ſorrowes Lees;
And 'ate the Bread of carefullneſſe;
Yet his Fancy was as cleare,
As if he fed on Sunbeames there.
Being got from thence; for by the ſtory,
It was not Hell, but Purgatory;
He kickt Rebellion out of Towne,
Pull'd Ignorance and Atheiſme downe,
He purg'd the Schooles of Soleciſme,
Refin'd pedanticke barbariſme.
His ſilken Phraſe made Logicke run,
As ſmooth as calmed Helicon.
But oh! hee's gone, the wellcome bee,
Dullneſſe and ſtupidity.
Burne your Bookes, or onely con,
The Talmud or the Alkaron;
Studdy you may your hearts out; but
This Anabaptiſt, Death, hath cut,
All humane Learning downe at once,
As if he had beene brib'd for th'nonce.
By th'Agitatours, to doe what,
Tmrberry and they could not.
A greater blow there never came,
From *Poland* or from *Amſterdam*.
Let Boyes play on his name and cry,
'Tis pitty ſuch a flower ſhould dye.
I cannot thinke him dead that is,
Tranſplanted into Paradiſe.
Nor are we of his ſweet bereaven,
Since what we looſe is gain'd by heaven.
For though I love a Poſie well,
I doe not envy Gods the ſmell.

On the Death of ROBERT PINKE *Dr. of Divinity, and late Warden of New-Colledge.*

LOe here the pride of *Wicham's* Garden dyes
Cropt to be made a flower in Paradiſe,
As wee doe bruiſe a root to put i'th Earth
That it may ſprout and gaine a ſecond birth,
Thus is Hee layd in ground never to dye
But to ſpring up to all Eternity:
Sure as I live Hee's dead! w'have loſt the man,
Nay more w'have loſt our all-who juſtly can
Let downe the Flood-gates of his bigge ſwolne eyes
When hee ſhall heare of ſuch ſad obſequies?
But is Hee dead, Ile not beleeve it! froward fate
Could never be ſo curſt to Anti-date
The latter-day; Philoſophy controle
and leave the drooping world without a ſoule.
But oh!
Hee's dead! dead on my life! Rude Death
How durſt thou be ſo bold to filch his breath
That gave ſo many life? how knowſt but Hee
May haſten time to throw a dart at thee?
How many things in blacke might we home fate
Have freely ſeiz'd and nee'r bin murmur'd at,
Such who devoutly chew the cud upon
Some new found fangle in Religion
For ſeven yeares together, then ſcot free fall
To tel's at laſt wee ſhall have none at all.
How well might theſe be ſpar'd; e'n let them dye,
Wee'l thank ill favour'd Death for's courteſie.
But oh! when ver ue dyes! who can forbeare
That hath a Teare to lend but give it there.
And here lyes one who when hee liv'd poſſeſt
All ingroſt vertue in his Catholique breaſt,
Whom every Grace did court to be her ſphere,
And every Muſe had plaid her manſion there

And sadly now unto thy sacred Hearse
Bring in each eye a Teare, each hand a Verse,
Hee was [beleeve mee Reader for 'tis rare]
One in whom all choise gifts implanted were
Whose masculine Phrase and Soveraigne Speech was such,
Tully might talke more but not speake so much,
Whose every action had the noble end
Or to advance desert or grace a friend.
Hee was not gouty fingred who more free,
More open handed to the poore than Hee
If good works prove, that liv'd hence you may read
The sad but certaine cause 'tis PINKE is dead
Hee was to good to live; Bee this pride
With him all vertue liv'd, with him all died.

FINIS.